"Our first Jivaro visitor called when I was away from camp exploring the jungle. Johnston did his best to entertain him, and on my return I found the pair seated out in the open, laughing and waving their arms about like a couple of lunatics.

'What is it all about?' I asked.

'Lord only knows, I don't,' replied Johnston. 'The old boy has got something on his mind, and all I have been trying to do is to hold his interest until you could get back to photograph him. He is an interesting type; look at those strings of iridescent beetle wings hanging from his ears. They show off wonderfully against that tawny hide of his.'

The stranger certainly was a fine specimen. He wore the regulation short loin-cloth secured about the waist by a fibre-like cord; a band of monkey's fur adorned with tucan's feathers, encircled his forehead, and over one shoulder a fur bag and a cow's horn were slung.

After considerable chatter, I managed to gather that the man's name was Kuashu, and he was anxious to know if we had any bananas. On learning that we had a good stock, he asked if he might call his family over to help dispose of them. His relations, he went on to tell us, were fishing down river and would be glad of a little food. [147] We promptly extended the hospitality of our house, and told Kuashu to summon his friends to the feast forthwith, which he did by blowing a long blast on his horn.

Hardly had the echoes died away over the forest, when we saw a number of figures coming across the gravel bar. To our surprise, instead of a party numbering five or

sis. Knashu's family developed into a small army of men, women and children, who consumed bananas in a way that hardly seemed possible. We certainly didn't grudge them the food, but we did marvel at their capacity for disposing of it.

The whole pow-wow went off most successfully from every angle. We took photographs, and in return made sundry presents of beads, matches and other trifles. Strips of motion picture film were regarded with particular admiration, and several of the men adorned their heads with a loop of it. I have always wondered why this material is so popular amongst primitive people; wherever I have travelled on the globe, it proves an article of special interest and strips of it are invariably donned as ornaments for the head.

Our meeting with Knashu had one important result. He invited us in our turn to pay him a visit, a sort of week-end affair. He lived some distance away, and before he left us, we had agreed to call when next the moon was full, providing he would send one of his tribesmen to guide our footsteps."

20: Dyott--147-148 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 136

"Our most frequent visitors were not human beings at all, but bats, which sailed in and out of our house as they pleased when night came on. Johnston had the greatest antipathy for them, although they were quite harmless. He objected to their flying so close over his face. He disliked feeling the wind made by their bony wings as they fluttered to and fro, wheeled about in the darkness and [148] flitted past again. At first it was only a few odd ones that visited us, but as soon as news spread abroad in the bat world that ripe bananas were to be had for the asking on the 'Playa," their numbers began to swell nightly.

We had all kinds of bananas hung up in our larder, from the coarse plantains for cooking, to the more delicately flavoured fruit varieties. When morning came, we would see ample evidence of the midnight marauders. They would greedily gnaw off the skins of all ripe fruit, and then consume only a portion of the meat inside. Johnston, getting desperate at their ever-increasing numbers, swore loud and long that he would put an end to their depredations by barricading every crack through which they could enter. He went to great pains to accomplish this by hanging up nets and leaning branches covered with big leaves against the open sides of our dwelling. Of course, it was quite futile to take such precautions, for hungry bats will creep through tiny openings, if food is to be had inside. The trouble starts when they want to get out. After a good meal they feel so lazy they won't bother to go home, but just hang up comfortably wherever they happen to be and go to sleep. This is an

advantage bats have over men. We can only hang up our hats.

Johnston spent a good hour one evening in his efforts to render our abode bat-proof, but when daylight returned, the sight which greeted our eyes was unique. The inside of our house was a picture. Bats hung from the roof in shoals. They were suspended from our camp beds, they clung to every convenient rafter, row upon row like so much black drapery, still and motionless. Having been forced to remain all night, the mess they made was inconceivable, and it took us the best part of a morning to get rid of them and their litter. After that experience, Johnston voted for the policy of the open door. 'Why not sleep outside and give the house over to the bats?' he suggested."

20: Dyott-149-150 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 133

"The topography of the surrounding country, and the geographical position we occupied in the world, are worth commenting upon, because practically every map I have seen of Ecuador shows this area incorrectly. Macas, for instance, is placed at the head waters of the Morona instead of the Santiago, the Upano being an affluent of the latter stream. In a way, such errors can be understood, because the whole grouping of hills and rivers in this part is contrary to what one might expect.

Macas lies between two ridges of thickly forested hills. To the west, there is a fairly high range which reduces its elevation as it extends south, cutting the Marañon at the Pongo de Guarucayo. To the east, another range of hills springs out of the plains north of Macas, without any connecting link between it and the main cordillera of the Andes. These hills bow slightly eastward, reach their maximum development almost due east of Macas, and then maintain their altitude fairly steadily all the way south to the Pongo de Manseriche. The Morona rises east again of this ridge to the north of Macas, away from the Andes; or more correctly at the base of a very low spur running out from Sangai in a more or less north-easterly direction. The valley of the Morona is more unhealthy than that of the Santiago. The Pastaza River lies still further east again, beyond the Morona. One of its principal affluents, the Palora, cuts in back of the low spur ridge where the Morona rises, describes a circular sweep about the northern and western slopes of Sangai and rises on the south flank of the great volcano. A compass bearing taken on Sangai from Macas placed it at 42 1/2° west of north.

20: Dyott--149-150 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-2
116, 133

The magnetic declination for this locality according to Sinclair and Wasson, is 6°19' east. Mr. J. Sinclair, whose friendship I have the privilege of claiming, visited this district in 1921 with Mr. Wasson, and together they did some extraordinary survey work of great value. They [150] give the elevation of Macas as 3, 580 feet and that of Sangai as 17, 459."

20: Dyott--150
116, 133, 823

(no date) 1926 Jivaro

"While on the question of elevations, I should point out that such spectacular wonders of the Ecuadorean scenery as Sangai and Tungurahua, can never be credited with any permanent elevation above sea-level because they are constantly changing, either building up or breaking down. With the cessation of activity, lava welling up from below starts solidifying in the crater. Ice and snow piles up on top of this again, until a more or less permanent condition results. Then comes a violent convulsion within the heart of the earth. The accumulation of years is blown sky-high and distributed over the countryside. When the dust clears away, behold 200 feet or more of the summit has gone.

The Indians we came in contact with regarded Sangai with awe and superstition. Some expressed the belief than when dead, they would go down into its fiery throat, but this we found out was one of the many absurdities implanted in the simple minds of their forefathers by those jolly missionary fellows at the time of the Spanish conquest. The Indian's real ideas of death are nothing like so prosaic as this."

"With the advent of the full moon, Kuashu sent over a couple of guides, and we went to pay him the promised visit. His house was quite a long distance away, something like eight hours on foot, over a slender trail that ran south along the west bank of the Upano. We crossed six small streams on the way there, which are known to the Indians as Jurumbai, Pausa, Timbaimi, Cachi Yacu, Metzangaimi, and Sungaimi. About fifteen minutes before reaching our destination, we veered around to the east over some swampy ground. Here every vestige of trail ceased, but our guides, without faltering, kept on as if following the main road leading to a big city.

When least expecting it, we suddenly came upon Kuashu's abode in a secluded section of the forest. It was built on rising ground, with juca and bananas growing plentifully all about it. Strategically, the place was well-chosen. A hillock surrounded with boggy land is about as immune from attack as anything could be. Marauding bands of Indians would find it difficult to approach such a place by day unless familiar with the lie of the land; at night it would be next to impossible to avoid detection.

In construction, the house was typical of many we had seen in the Jivaro country, oval in shape, with walls built up of hard wood poles driven vertically into the ground so close together that it was impossible to squeeze a hand in between them. The high roof thatched with palm leaves gave it the appearance of a big hayrick planted down in the heart of the jungle. [152]

20: Dyott--151-152 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-2
116, 574

We were ushered through a narrow doorway at one end of the establishment. All was dark inside, save for what little light filtered through the cracks in the walls, and the air was laden with the pungent smell of stale smoke. The women-folk brought up low stools for us to squat on, and in the usual hospitable manner, set food before us. We, in our turn, distributed a few trinkets amongst the members of the household, which served to put us on a friendly footing with everybody."

20: Dyott-154-155
116, 512, 157

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"By six o'clock the whole family was astir. Kuashu and his two youngest boys, Wesuma and Humbikti, formed and animated group in the centre of the house, talking over plans for the morning. Mihanda, the eldest son, did not join in the conversation. He seemed a surly sort of fellow, for he sat on his rack staring at the floor in a peculiarly detached way as if he had no interest in what was going [155] on about him. His wife, Secouta, equally absorbed, crouched by the fire with her small son Katoni alongside of her. The latter was a nice little child seven or eight years old, naked as the day he was born, with a clean brown skin and dark hair falling over his shoulders. He squatted on his haunches, like a rabbit sitting up in the grass, and made quite an attractive picture."

20: Dyott--155-156 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 352

"So simple are the arrangements of a Jivaro dwelling that it should be easy enough to describe them, yet I find myself at a loss to know how to start. I think it was the complete lack of most things which would be considered essential for moderate comfort that struck me most, as my gaze wandered from corner to corner of Kuashu's house. For instance, there were no articles of furniture except a few low stools used by the men. The plain earthen floor was not even strewn with mats of any kind, but was perfectly bare; just beaten down hard by the constant treading of human feet. The whole premises consisted of but a single room, oval in shape, with five sleeping platforms sticking out from the walls. We sampled these racks, called 'pierca' by the Indians. They were about four and a half feet long and struck us as being the acme of discomfort. They were raised something like a foot from the ground and had a slight downward slant. Some measure of resiliency was afforded by a covering of split cane; otherwise, the surface felt like a stiff board under one's back. Kuashu's rack boasted of a deer's skin, but the remainder were all plain. The width of each varied according to the number of people it accommodated. Twelve or sixteen inches away from the base of the rack was a cross-pole (patage), which caught the sleeper under his ankles and below this, on the floor, a fire burned constantly to warm the extremities of those who made use of the bed at night. Alongside of each rack were one or two vertical poles carrying bunches of [156]wild cotton, a spindle and a ball of thread. A wicker basket was also suspended.

from the roof containing all the worldly possessions of its owner. The spear and blow-gun belonging to the same man were likewise placed handy for immediate use.

In the centre of the floor stood a large earthen pot propped up on sticks. It contained the family supply of nija-manchi, an intoxicating beverage prepared from the root of the yuca and consumed in great quantities by the Indians. A tundai, or signal drum, hung in one corner from a cross-pole."

20: Dyott--156 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 342, 712

"Kuashu's home, in all its rough simplicity, was exactly like every other Jivaro establishment. Amongst the dozens I have visited, I have never seen the slightest signs of originality exhibited in their construction. Except for size, they are all identical. The absence of an outer wall, sometimes noted, only indicates the poverty or laziness of the owner. With increase of family, it will be added and the dwelling made to conform to the universal standard. In the more unsettled areas, I have come across defence towers (kumbinta) built alongside the house, and it is not uncommon to see an extra row of short poles planted outside the wall about six inches away, with the intervening space filled with stones; but such things are merely additional safeguards against attack."

20: Dyott--156-157 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 562, 342

"Some writers claim that the Jivaros sub-divide their houses into special quarters for men and women, but I have never come across this. I have frequently noted a sleeping rack to be roughly fenced about, affording a slight measure of privacy to the pair who occupied it; but as to bringing about a general separation of the sexes, I cannot recall ever having seen it done."

20: Dyott--157 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 555, 142

"We watched Kuashu as he sat talking to his sons. He was an unusually muscular fellow, in spite of his forty-five years of age. His hair was turning grey, and elaborate ornaments indicated that he was a personage of some importance. He had been a great warrior in his time, and was still full of physical vigour: we could see as much from the very emphatic way he had of speaking."

20: Dyott--157-158
116, 627, 867, 181

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"It was no longer plans for the morning that were being discussed: Kuashu was relating a rather long-winded story about a brother of his who had been foully murdered some years previously. He was telling his sons that the day would come when they would have to avenge the outrage.

It seemed that this uncle had beaten one of his wives to death because she was unfaithful to him, and the woman's family, considering the treatment unnecessarily harsh, had murdered the husband in retaliation. Custom said that Kuashu's family must also take a life in order to satisfy the Jivaro sense of justice. With this end in view, the spirit of revenge was being kept alive, and almost every day the young men of the household were reminded of the duty which they inherited, and how they would eventually have to kill some member of the family who were responsible for their uncle's murder. The boys listened to the tale, which had already been told them hundreds of times, with as much interest as if they had never heard it before, and I wondered how long it would be ere their hands were stained with blood. They saw nothing wrong in this lust for vengeance, for their creed taught them that the spirit [158] of their uncle could not rest till justice had been meted out. Furthermore, if they failed to take reprisals they and their families would be the ones to suffer."

20: Dyott--158 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 595

"Kuashu had surrounded himself with a trio of wives, Nambira, Nakaimbi and Inna. The last mentioned was a young girl of pleasing appearance, and evidently a recent acquisition to his household, for she was well decorated with beads and feathers. She had no children, but the future promised well. The four children of the house belonged to the two older women. Three of these children were boys, already referred to as Mihanda, We-suma and Himbikti, and the fourth, a young girl, and quite a jolly little thing, was called Chingasso. There was yet another woman--an old creature that nobody seemed to pay much heed to. She was the one surviving widow of Kuashu's brother who had been killed. According to Jivaro custom, the wives of a dead man are taken over by his nearest male relation. Sometimes this may be equivalent to quite a big fortune, but in this case, Kuashu had only acquired a useless package of worn-out human machinery."

20: Dyott--158-159 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 951

"Indians have very strange notions when it comes to applying names to each other. I have just given those of Kuashu's family, and if I now aver that those were not their names at all, it may sound a trifle confusing. Yet, as a matter of fact, that is the truth. It must be explained that Indians only call each other by nicknames which are characteristic of, or have some association with, the individual. A man guards his real name as a profound secret, and it is never divulged to anyone. According to him, he would be completely at the mercy of his enemies should they get to know it, for they would then be able to direct the evil spirits to harm him. Assume for a moment that a man is called 'Napa,' which is quite a common name and signifies 'deer.' You can imagine how impossible it would be for anyone to describe him to the evil spirits. [159] The latter would certainly want more precise information before working their spells, for there are many deer in the forest and many individuals bearing the same nickname. This would result in so much confusion amongst the evil spirits that any man merely known by such a nickname would be quite safe from their machinations. "

20: Dyott--159 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 186

"For the whites, the Shuaros have nothing but a feeling of supreme contempt. They will pander to those settlers who live on the fringe of their country for what they can get out of them, but at heart, they are full of scorn for their lack of manly virtues and their inability to provide for themselves in the jungle. They once occupied a portion of the mountainous region of Ecuador, but were attacked and eventually subdued by the great Inca invasion from Peru. So contrary was the Inca conception of freedom to that of the Shuaros that the most warlike of the latter tribe would not subject themselves to Inca domination, but fled to the forests. To-day, the Incas are shorn of all national feeling, yet the Shuaros still maintain their racial characteristics, and their warlike propensities still cause the governments of Lima and Quito concern."

20: Dyott--159 (no date) 1926 *Jivaro*
116, 181, 551

"The whole question of names is one of tremendous interest, and the *Jivaros* differ from every other Indian tribe with whom I am familiar in the Amazon country in one most important respect: they group themselves with other tribes under a distinct tribal name--the name of Shuaro. Tribes outside this group frequently label their neighbours with nicknames, but it never occurs to them to band together under a distinct name of their own. The tribes known to the whites as *Jivaros*, Mazambisas, Antipas and Aguarunas, are all Shuaros, and recognize themselves as such."

20: Dyott--159-160
116, 157

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The Shuaro is an extremely proud individual. He delights in a life of the most complete freedom imaginable. Kuashu owed no allegiance to anyone, neither did anyone [160] kow-tow to him. He was head of his own establishment, but his authority extended no furthur. Each house and its inmates made up a small community to itself, living by itself and without any connection with any other household. There were no great chiefs in the neighbourhood. Every man did exactly as he pleased, and only in times of war would an individual be picked out to lead the fighting forces. With the cessation of hostilities, this man's authority would likewise cease."

20: Dyott--160
116, 361

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"Jivaro houses, it might be noted, are never built closely together after the manner of a village, but widely separated in the jungle, with greater resultant personal freedom and less squabbling amongst neighbours. A wise precaution which we in our country might emulate to advantage."

20: Dyott--160-161
116, 224

(no date) 1926

Jivaro-1

"At 7.30 Kuashu announced his intention of going off hunting in the jungle. Without further ceremony, he picked up his long blow-gun and casually sauntered off through the plantation of young yuca growing round about the house. He made no effort to persuade others to accompany him. Anyone who wanted to come along was welcome. If nobody wanted, well and good, it made not the slightest difference. Mihanda was the only man who did not respond. Apparently, he preferred to stay at home by himself, so we left him seated on a log whittling down a long chonta stick. Why he looked so solemn we did not know, for after all the making of a spear did not strike us as being a very serious business.

We-suma and Himbikti were in sharp contrast to their elder brother. They seized their weapons eagerly and dashed after their father full of life and energy. Chingasso was the only woman to join us. She was not under quite the same obligation to toil with the rest of her kind in the family banana patch, because she was unattached and the chief's daughter at that. For a short distance the female element trailed along in the rear of our procession, carrying big wickerwork baskets on their shoulders, but within five minutes or so, they disappeared down some side track that led to one of the many plantations where they could collect the usual supply of food for the day.

It was a superb morning. By eight o'clock the sun seemed to stab into the very heart of the forest. For once those dim recesses, usually so melancholy and depressing,

seemed to pulsate with the joy of life. Every leaf held beads of silvery dewdrops, which fell in a perfect shower of crystal fragments if we as much as looked at them. Our Indian friends slipped through the rank undergrowth without jarring a petal, whereas Johnston and myself brought down a fair deluge of moisture at every movement."

20: Dyott--161
116, 224, 151

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"Once we were well clear of the house, the pace was slackened and we moved more cautiously, stopping every once in a while to listen to some forest sound that suggested the presence of game. From the moment we left, not a word had been uttered. Indians seldom talk when on the move unless they are drunk or returning from a successful chase. I have often marvelled at their ability to keep silent and pass through the densest brush without snapping a twig. The average white man with his chatter and awkward movements, disturbs the game and advertises his approach more surely than any elephant in its passage through a bamboo forest."

20: Dyott--161-162 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 224, 151

"An Indian whose hunting propensities have been aroused is a magnificent sight. To see the same man stretched out on his rack at home, you would say he was a monument of sluggish lethargy, but in the forest--what a difference! The slightest sound made by animal or bird electrifies him into action. With muscles taut, he will creep off silently as a ghost, leap on to a fallen tree, run along its slippery trunk with the agility of a panther, and vanish. For some minutes you will watch the place where he disappeared, wondering what has happened to [162] him, anxiety taking the place of wonder, and then a grunt from behind startles you out of your senses. You swing round and there stands your companion unconcernedly holding in his hand a dead tucan or some other evidence of his skill as a hunter."

20: Dyott-162 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 151, 224

"Kuashu's attention would often be arrested by some trivial sound. He would stop instantaneously, and the moment he did so everyone else followed suit. A few grimaces would be exchanged between the men, all of which had some peculiar significance which they understood, and then on again we would go.

We had been wandering about the forest for over an hour when Himbikti, in the rear, gave a low whistle, imitating the call of a paujil. It was a recognized signal, for immediately everyone became rigid. Kuashu turned his head slowly to inquire what was happening. Himbikti pointed with his chin, in the direction of some tree-tops. The movement of an arm might be seen, and is seldom employed when hunting. From the branches of a big tree, not far away, came a faint chirping. The men looked at each other and grinned. At first, it was hard to distinguish the sound from the other jungle noises, but soon even my poorly trained ears recognized the call of Humboldt's woolly monkey."

"Kuashu was now a bundle of bulging muscles, a steel spring wound up ready to fly loose. He made a stealthy movement to one side, and putting a hand over his mouth, mimicked the peculiar chattering noise these animals make when disturbed. Almost immediately an answering call came from the green canopy overhead, and the rustle of leaves heralded the approach of some living creature. In a few moments a full-sized woolly monkey came swinging through the trees, peering about him and looking this way and that for the member of his family he supposed to be in difficulty. For a fraction of a second his dark body could [163] be seen clearly, leaping across an open gap in the tree-tops. This was Kuashu's chance, and he did not miss it. The blow-gun was already at his lips, and at the psychological moment a tiny dart was launched on its silent mission of death.

For a second the monkey wavered, then leapt to another branch, jumped once more, but this time lost his hold and dropped ten feet before regaining his equilibrium. He steadied himself to take yet another leap, but hesitated as if his limbs refused to obey him. Again he braced himself, but the end had come; his hold loosened, and he fell dead to the ground. The aim had been perfect; the tiny wood splinter had caught him on the shoulder, and the deadly poison which produced paralysis of the heart had done the rest.

A fairly animated conversation ensued. The monkey was passed from hand to hand,

each man admiring its thick, woolly coat and examining its strong prehensile tail, the extremity of which, on its under surface, was covered with a hard skin, like the palm of its hand. Everyone satisfied, the quarry was turned over to Chingasso to carry, and we resumed our prowl in silence."

"Not long after this episode, we came out on one of those boulder-strewn spaces near the river which, at one time or another, had been occupied by the scurrying waters of the Upeno. We halted as usual to look about for signs of animal life, but the place was deserted and only a few shrubs waved their green foliage recently in the wind. We were about to take ourselves off when a small red deer broke cover on the opposite side. It saw us and immediately sprinted across the open. We-sumu had his spear up in a jiffy, ready to hurl it through space at the rapidly-moving animal; but Kusaku was still quicker in getting into action. Quick as a flash, he seized a large rock, swung it over his head, and let fly with the power of a [164] catapult. The missile went sailing through the air and landed squarely on the animal's head, dropping him like a stone.

'Shuta-Shuta' (spear him) shouted Mimbiiti, rushing forward in a frenzy of excitement, and brandishing his weapon. But there was no need for such a measure. The stone had broken the deer's neck.

Things happen so quickly at times that it is difficult to take in details, especially an incident like this, which was all over in a matter of seconds. Johnston and myself gaped in astonishment. Kusaku's brilliant exhibition of skill, the precision with which the rock was flung through the air, and the sudden termination of the fray, left us speechless with admiration. Without fire-arms, what chance would a white man have in conflict with such people as these?"

20: Dyott--164
116, 825, 262, 177

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The deer is regarded by the Jivaros as the incarnation of a particularly evil demon, and therefore its meat is not eaten or even touched; but in the case of Kuashu and other families who come in contact with traders, the superstitious dread in which the animal has been held in the past has given way to more rational ideas. No time was lost, therefore, in slinging the carcass on to a pole and carrying it back to the house in triumph."

20: Dyott--164-166 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 195, 521

".... Out of the thicket appeared the figure of a strange Indian.....

The stranger halted, eyed us thoughtfully, and then shouted out 'Oi-a.' Kuashu replied, 'Ah,' receiving an equally intelligent grunt of 'Um,' in reply.

If you should suddenly come face to face with a stranger, your natural impulse would be to call out to him and then walk over to where he stood, but these are not the tactics [165] of the Indian. 'Is this man friend or foe?' he asks himself, and if the unknown suddenly veers round and hurries towards him, the obvious answer is: 'He is an enemy, coming to attack.' If, on the other hand, he turns away, he is an enemy trying to escape; but suppose he goes on about his business, or else you both stop and talk, you have time to show your colours and announce your friendly intentions.

Normal Indian conversation is slow and halting, but it can go off like machine-gun fire at times. Should a phrase not come readily, there is no pause. Both parties continue to grunt at each other, holding one hand in front of the mouth all the time and probably expectorating between the fingers with a precision that denotes much practice.

When Kuashu hailed this stranger, we all stood stock still, the boys with the deer slung on a pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, Johnston and myself behind them. The conversation which followed, if translated freely into English, would run somewhat as follows. Kuashu began.

'So you are here?'--'Yes, I am here.'--'What are you here for?'--'What am I here

for?'--'Yes, what are you here for?'--'I am wandering about.'--'You are, are you?'--'Yes, I am.'--'Why do you wander about?'--'I am wandering about for a little time.'--'For a little time you are wandering?'--'Yes, for a little I wander about visiting friends.'--'Then you are visiting friends?'--'Yes, for a few days I visit.'--'Only for a few days, you say?'--'Um, only a few days.'--'I am surprised.'--'You are, are you?'--'I am surprised that you wander about for a little visiting friends.'--'Um.'--'When did you come?'--'Only yesterday I came.'--'Yesterday?'--'Um.'--'For a few days only?'--'That is what I said.'--'You came yesterday to wander about for a little to visit some friends?" [166] --'Um.'--'Ah--So you understand, do you?'--'Um'--'Ah'--'Um.'

After this fragment of news had been thoroughly pulled to pieces and passed back and forth between the two until its significance had been fully grasped, another piece of intelligence was torn to shreds in the similar manner. The grunts, representing assent or approbation and other guttural noises, that were indulged in, especially when the conversation flagged, were decidedly curious."

20: Dyott--166
116, 195, 521, 828

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"Direct questions and answers are not understood by the Jivaros. To ask a deliberate question does not seem to conform to his idea of propriety. Every subject has to be approached by a round-about route and with infinite repetition. This is probably due to the inherent difficulty primitive man has in expressing shades of thought and his round-about course is equivalent to our guarded phraseology noticeable amongst politicians when delicate matters are being discussed. To an Indian, the most trivial incident is of as much importance as it would be to a child, so everything has to be taken seriously. It is also well not to look too intently at the person you are talking to. You may be accused of casting a spell on him if you do. A man looking in can see the world: hence the world looking in can see the man. Such is their line of reasoning, and consequent aversion from the vulgar stare of some white men."

20: Dyott-166-167 (no date) 1926 'Jivaro
116, 151, 521

"Our conversation with the stranger disclosed the fact that he was called Napi, and that he was on speaking terms with Kuashu's family. He lived several days to the south on the Paute river, and had taken an opportunity of travelling with two other men who were on their way to visit friends living not far off. Before all this information had been divulged, Napi had joined our group, and we were all making tracks for home.

On the way back, we climbed up a steep, muddy bank. [167] Half-way up the slippery slope, Kuashu stopped, his eyes on the ground, examining some footsteps which had been plainly impressed in the clay-like soil. They were those of Napi's travelling companions.

'Why are your friends carrying such heavy loads?' he asked. 'And the young woman with you, is she your wife?' Napi shook his head.

'No, the woman belongs to one of the other men.' And he went on to explain that his companions had brought over two loads of salt which they had promised their friends some months back.

Kuashu seemed to be a past-master at interpreting human foot-prints. To him they were like an open book. He explained in reply to our inquiries that the habit women had of carrying bundles from early childhood caused their feet to turn in, the angle generally becoming more pronounced the older the woman became. Men always turned their feet outwards and the heel is much larger in proportion. Kuashu was quick to note that the toes of the two men were dug deeply into the soft ground, indicating that they were carrying heavy loads and were obliged to get a good foothold at every step."

"Whether it was the success of our hunt, or the chance meeting with Napi, we could not say, but Kuashu was obviously pleased with the morning's work. The stranger remained with us, and on returning home, he was treated with unusual consideration. There was quite a change in the general atmosphere of the house when we got back, and we noted that Mihanda was a different mortal to what he had been earlier in the day. He acted as if a weight had been removed from his chest. His spear was finished and his friends regarded its well-shaped lines with approval.

There was a real reason for this change of manner on Mihanda's part which needs explanation. The Jivaro finds it difficult to distinguish between himself and his [168] personal belongings. Everything he uses or makes, particularly weapons, are regarded as part of himself, and in the making of them, he instils much of his own personality. So strongly ingrained is this feeling that the making of an ordinary spear (nanki) is accompanied by a certain amount of ritual. He must eat only certain foods, his thoughts must not be disturbed by conversation with others, he must not live with his wife. If he does these things, then the spear will be worthless and he himself may die. Even the chonta wood from which spears are made is regarded with superstition. They believe that this palm, with its formidable spikes, is the abode of a very potent spirit, so that a spear made from it inspires both man and beast with fear. This intimate tie between man and his material belongings is very strong, but between members of a

family the bond is infinitely stronger. If Mihanda had been sick, then his wife and brothers would abstain from eating certain foods, for if they partook of them, it would harm the patient just as much as if he himself had done so."

20: Dyott--168
116, 262, 843

(no date) 1926 Jivaro

"...When it came to eating the sinewy carcass of the monkey we had brought back with us from the hunt. Inza, Kuashu's youngest wife would not touch it. Most meats are usually taboo for women, but Inza was expecting a baby, and if she had eaten of the monkey, her offspring would have been hairy like the animal. The men devoured the meat greedily, believing that in so doing they would assimilate all the agility and nimbleness characteristic of this forest animal. One of the peculiarities of the poison which had been used to kill the monkey is that it is injurious only when it enters directly into the blood, for it can be eaten with impunity."

20: Dyott--168-169
116, 264, 521

(no date) 1926 Jivaro

"The noon-day meal went off very well. There was an abundance of food and plenty of nija-manchi to drink. [169] From start to finish there was not a lull in the conversation. It went on incessantly, everyone chattering away at once. The story of how the deer had been killed was repeated at least ten times, and on each occasion Kuashu would get up to show by action just what took place. The assembly roared with laughter, the women being just as interested in the event as anyone else, and Chingasso was regarded with envy for having been a witness to such exciting scenes."

20: Dyott--169 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 273

"Lunch over, the women gathered in a circle in the centre of the floor. A big earthen pot of steamed yuca was produced, and alongside of it was arranged the now almost empty nija-manchi jar. Inza mashed up the yuca roots with a stick, helped herself to a mouthful of the pulp, masticated it thoroughly and then spat it out into the other receptacle. Her companions did likewise and we left them engaged in this strange occupation of preparing their national drink. As soon as the big jar was full of the chewed-up mess, it was stood on one side and allowed to ferment. Fermentation is started by the action of human saliva, and the Indians have a notion that this mysterious phenomenon can only be produced by women, hence this rather unsatisfactory business falls to their lot."

20: Dyott--169-170 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 151, 224, 868

"As the weather kept fine, another excursion to the forest was planned. Kuashu, Himbikti and the small boy Katani, made up the party. Mihanda and We-suma left on some secret mission, the import of which we were to learn later, while Napi went off by himself to pay a few calls on his friends.

Our ramble through the jungle proved particularly interesting as it threw considerable light on the way children are brought up and the kind of rough education they are put through by their elders. Katani seemed quite a favourite with his grandfather, and the old man never lost an opportunity of instructing him in the use of his eyes or help develop his powers of simple deduction. [170]

We are all aware how easily some people get dizzy and lose their sense of the horizontal, but we do not realize how civilization has blurred our sense of direction. You will, however, soon find out if ever you happen to be dropped down in some virgin forest in the heart of nowhere. You will walk in circles, regardless of all nature's sign-posts which she displays for your benefit. An Indian teaches his sons to note the direction of streams, the inclination of the ground, the length of the shadows--anything, in fact, which makes him use his eyes and put two and two together so that they make four and not sixes or sevens."

20: Dyott--170-171 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 151, 224, 868

"Barely fifteen minutes after our start, some tapir's tracks excited Kuashu's curiosity. They were almost invisible to me, except when we followed them out into the open across a small sand-bar near the river. After what seemed like a cursory examination, Kuashu had an interesting story to tell. He pointed out to Katani how the tracks started wandering hither and thither till at a certain spot they took a straight line for the river's margin, at which point their character changed. From this it was deduced that the animal had been disturbed while feeding , and in all probability, frightened to such a degree that he had charged through the underbrush in a hurry. Himbikti's observant eye noticed a few bloodstains on the bushes, and where small branches had been broken off he pointed out a few hairs adhering to their jagged extremities.

The whole story in English was plain enough. The tapir had been walking quietly through the woods when a jaguar had pounced upon his back. Unable to rid himself of his assailant, the tapir had wisely bolted for the river, charging through the thicket hoping to scrape his adversary off his back by so doing. The jaguar was not going to forsake his prey so easily and held on tenaciously until the wily tapir had plunged into the river and then, of course, he had to let go, or drown, because his victim could remain [171] under water much longer than he could. Farther down the stream, we encountered the tracks of the disappointed jaguar, where he had swum ashore and taken himself off to the forest.

All the points of the lesson having been duly expounded, we sat down on the bank of the Upano in the shade to stretch our limbs. Some years previously, Kuashu must have had an encounter with a three-toed sloth near this very spot, for he began telling Katani of the event, pointing aloft to the sprawling limbs of a tall tree, and telling how he had ascended into the topmost branches and there slain the animal with his spear. This curious denizen of the forest called U-yushi by the Indians, will hang upside-down for hours at a time from the roof of the jungle, looking like a huge parasitic plant rooted to the spot. Kuashu told Katani that many years ago this animal was a man, a very old man called U-nupi, who belonged to an enemy tribe. He was married, of course, and his wife's name was U-nuchi, and he had a brother called Yungra. U-nupi. was such a lazy fellow that he would not even take the trouble to build a house, but lived up in the trees instead. In this secure position, he slept so much and hunted so seldom that in the end his children turned into animals."

20: Dyott--171-172 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 775, 825, 868.

"The Jivaros don't consider men to be glorified animals, but rather the reverse. All the animals, in their eyes, are degenerate human beings. Years ago, they say, all the inhabitants of the world were Shuaros, and gradually certain ones developed characteristics which we now associate with birds, animals, or fish. This consciousness of their relationship to the animal world is still very strong amongst them, so much so in the case of the sloth that he is not only attacked with the same ferocity they would summon against a human enemy, but they likewise preserve his head in a [172] shrunken state, as if it were that of some hostile tribesman.

Katani listened enthralled to every word of this Indian wisdom. In a few year's time he would be considered a man, for he would have taken part in the feast of Kusupani and drunk Miqua prepared from the bark of the beautiful flowering shrub (Datura arborea) which is administered with much ceremony whenever a boy reaches man's estate. It is a narcotic drink that is supposed to make men out of them, but in reality turns them into raving lunatics for a day or two. During this time, they see visions and talk with the great spirits who will aid them in their fight against future enemies."

20: Dyott--173 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 202

"As we sat on the banks of the Upano, listening to the words of wisdom that fell from Kuashu's lips, we heard the distant beat of a drum resounding harshly over the forest. It was not the low musical note, full and vibrant, but a peculiarly hard, penetrating noise, resembling the rapid blows of an axe on some fallen tree-trunk. The signal drum or tundai of the Jivaros is just a log of hard wood, carefully hollowed out by hand and slung between a couple of poles for support. It is beaten with a club and the sound emitted has remarkable carrying qualities. If anything of moment ever occurs in the locality, the news is spread from house to house through the medium of the tundai. It also plays a prominent part on all festive occasions.

Thump, thump, thump, came the precise beats with the regularity of so many dots and dashes of a Morse Code message, being broadcasted thrpugh the wilderness. Kuashu must have understood their import, for he got up, scratched his back and loosened the cincture of human hair that held his itipi (loin cloth) in place. Having readjusted the folds of his one and only garment, he suggested that we go and call on the neighbours to see what they were up to."

20: Dyott--173-174
116, 202, 595, 574

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The house from which the sounds [KS: drum message] emanated belonged to a man, Kun-gupi by name, who was one of Kuashu's fathers-in-law. Seven months previously each of these men had felt the need of adding a new wife to his establishment--a little young blood to make up for the grey hairs of the older women, so they had solved the problem by swapping daughters and it was in this manner that the young and handsome Inza had become Kuashu's bride. [174]

As we drew near the edge of Kun-gupi's clearing, we announced our arrival in true Indian style by shouting lustily. Our call was promptly taken up, and several young braves came running down the path to greet us. Each carried his spear, more out of habit than anything else, though experience has taught them that such habits are worth cultivating. We were piloted through a dense banana patch, over countless obstructions, to a rather small house, planted on the hillside. One by one we squeezed in through the narrow door-way and there, in its cool interior, found ourselves as if in a bee-hive. It was simply swarming with brown figures and a constant buzz of conversation came from all quarters. We were offered stools to sit upon, and the usual niji-manchi was forthcoming; but when a large pin-inga (bowl) of the white liquid was passed over in our direction, both Johnson and myself waved it aside, as the method of preparing it was yet too fresh in our memory."

20: Dyott--175-176 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 754, 761

"I knew some of the strange ideas Jivaros have about death, for I was living in a house once when a young warrior succumbed to a severe malady. I asked the father if many Indians died in that part of the country, and was told in a rather superior tone that Indians never die.

'But how about this poor fellow here?' I asked, pointing to the corpse. 'How do you account for his condition?'

'He didn't die,' replied the father; 'he met with an accident.' They hold the extraordinary view that people never die from natural causes, and that a man would live for ever if it were not for the baneful influence of some malignant spirit. Even when the body has 'met with an accident,' they fully believe in a continuation of existence in the spiritual state.

While yet the discussion ran high, another visitor squeezed his way in through the narrow portal and joined the excited group of men inside. He announced that a party of strangers had been seen in the district that very morning--two men carrying bundles, accompanied by a woman. Kuashu was quick to sense complications which might involve him and his family, so we hurriedly bade the neighbours good-bye and were soon streaking home to [176] advise Napi that his life might be in peril if he remained much longer with us."

20: Dyott--176
116, 756, 787

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"Mihanda and We-suma had already returned when we got back. We found them busily engaged cutting up the branches of a certain vine, known as natema (Banisteria caapi) which they had collected in the forest. They were scraping off the rind and placing the chopped-up stalks into a big earthen pot full of water.

It is customary for medicine-men and warriors alike to drink a concoction prepared from this plant prior to any warlike undertaking, or whenever the spirits have to be consulted on matters of importance. It produces strange hallucinations for those who drink it, and while under its influence they are supposed to be visited by the great spirits who advise them who their enemies are and if the time for attacking them is auspicious or otherwise.

The drink was simmering away in its last stages of preparation over the fire when Napi slipped in through the front door. He had already heard about the sudden death of Kun-gupi's brother, and deemed it wise not to linger in the district. There was yet another reason that made it doubly necessary for him to clear off early the next morning--he was a medicine man of considerable skill himself, and as such would certainly have been accused of practising witchcraft.

We watched him give an impromptu exhibition of his art as we sat around the pot of boiling natema."

20: Dyott--176-178 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 755

"....Mihanda had a bad swelling on his left arm which, judging from its ugly appearance, must have been extremely painful. Napi [KS: medicine man] was called in for consultation. He examined it critically, nodding his head to and fro as if to say, why that is easily cured. He did not express himself one way or the other in words but stepped out of the house for a few moments, returning with a handful of leaves which I could not identify. These he chopped up carefully, as if making mint sauce, [177] and then put on one side. Once more he examined Mihanda's arm, rubbed it, squeezed it, punched it, and generally went through the usual movements of an experienced masseur. His patient put up with the rough handling stolidly and without flinching. The medicine-man's next move was to suck the wound with his mouth. For some minutes he continued doing this, pausing to take breath and then returning to his task with renewed vigour as if he were having quite a struggle to withdraw something from his patient's arm. Suddenly he stopped and sat back as if his efforts had been successful. 'Look,' he said to Mihanda, 'no wonder your arm was sore. Just see what I have taken out of it.' With which he took out of his mouth a fair sized pebble and handed it over for the astonished Mihanda to examine.

The treatment did not end here, for next the wizard took the minced-up leaves, smeared them carefully over the sore spot, then taking a stick from the fire, one end of which was so much red-hot charcoal, he proceeded to touch the patient's arm and so

cauterize the wound. The pain must have been excruciating but Mihanda did not utter a sound; he only made a wry face.

Napi's methods might sound a trifle crude to the modern doctor, but it shows, nevertheless, that he had a wonderful fund of knowledge. First of all, note the manipulation of the arm; secondly, the removal of undesirable matter by the simple process of suction. The trick played on the patient's credulity is exceptionally interesting, because it indicates that Napi vaguely realized certain fundamental laws of suggestion. The stone had not come out of Mihanda's arm but out of Napi's wallet which he had slung over his shoulder. I have seen beetles, sticks and all kinds of things taken out of wounds before now, so I was used to this part of the procedure. The final application of the herb and the cauterizing of the wound showed that Napi [178] was not only a good conjurer, but one who understood the medicinal value of plants and the need of making the wound antiseptic. When we last saw Mihanda, thirty-six hours later, the swelling had subsided, the inflammation had gone, and the wound was healing over nicely."

20: Dyott--178-179 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 578, 787

"It was not till the afternoon was well advanced that we began to get the drift of a plot that was being hatched by these half-naked figures squatting around the fire. Johnston and myself regarded the scene with interest. Kuashu and his sons were talking at a terrific rate. Napi was no better; he was continually interjecting his views. It made little difference to him whether he was spoken to or not, he just went on talking. The position in a nutshell was this. One of Napi's travelling companions from the South, was a son of the man who had murdered Kuashu's brother. While we had sat lazily by the river after lunch, Mihanda and We-suma had been out spying on this fellow's movements, and they had learned that the day after to-morrow he was returning home by himself. The question to be decided by Kuashu and his family was--should they or should they not take this unusual opportunity of avenging the uncle's death? The only way to settle the issue was to drink natema or ayahuasca, as it is sometimes called, so that advice might be given by the spirits of Aru-tama (the old people).

After the natema had boiled for about an hour, the pot was taken off the fire, the liquid decanted into another jar and the residue thrown away. A certain amount of ritual attended the drinking of the brown fluid. The chief characters, Mihanda and We-suma, stood in front of the temporary shelf on which two bowls of the magic drink were placed. They held their spears in one hand and after a war chant, in which they evoked the good graces of the spirits, they swallowed off the contents at one gulp. The first

reaction of the narcotic was to produce violent nausea and [179] both men went outside to vomit up all they had drunk. Three times this was done and on each occasion Himbikti refilled the bowls to their brim. In an exhausted state the two brothers eventually staggered out of the house and went off to some shelter they had prepared in the forest, where during the long watches of the night, the spirits would appear to them in their dreams, advising them as to the best course to pursue.

Kuashu did not take part in the ceremony; both he and Napi drank copiously of nijamanchi instead. Bowl upon bowl of it was served until the pair were thoroughly intoxicated. Johnston and myself hardly knew what was the right thing for us to do under the circumstances. We could not participate in the festivities very well, so we sat on our camp beds and did nothing. My companion felt as if it was incumbent upon us to do something, even if only to talk and shout; but one makes fewer mistakes by keeping quiet. 'When in doubt do nothing,' is an important axiom when dealing with savage people. Many a man has lost his life through doing something he should have had sense enough to avoid. Safety lies in watching others closely and taking your cue from them. If you can't imitate them, then remain passive and you will be all right, but under no curcumstances is it wise to attempt civilized tactics or you may have cause to repent it!'

20: Dyott--179-180
116, 183

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The argument is sometimes put forward that the white man, being of superior mentality, should raise the savage up to his level by setting the example; but this is entirely wrong, for your example would be quite beyond their comprehension. If you consider yourself to be a more highly developed human being, then it is your business as such momentarily to descend from your high perch and tread the more simple path of the lower plain. This is a far from easy task, but there is no other way of reaching an inferior intellect. An analogous situation exists in our own country [180] between parent and child. What a yawning gap generally separates these two!

The actions of Indians are prompted by motives entirely different from our own, and the most trivial thing in the world, to our way of thinking, is sometimes interpreted by them into an offence or even an act of hostility. On one of my expeditions, a companion would insist on carrying his rifle into the Indian houses we visited. Local custom said that all weapons should be left outside during calls, and this man's failure to comply with an apparently unimportant practice nearly embroiled our party in warfare. It is all right to be original in one's own country, but don't let originality assert itself too strongly when mixing with really primitive people."

"We passed an uneventful night, and with the break of a new day, the warriors who had sought advice of the great spirits returned home satisfied with the wise counsels received. The 'aru-tama' had appeared to each of them and advised prompt action, as everything was favourable for the complete success of their plans. According to them, the enemy, on his way homewards, would have to make use of a fallen tree-trunk spanning a particular torrent. It was at this point that Mihanda and We-suma were to lie in ambush, one at either end of the improvised bridge. The plan was for We-suma to spring from his hiding-place in the rear and challenge the enemy with his spear as soon as [181] he reached the centre of the span. The luckless individual would naturally swing round to defend himself, but at that moment Mihanda would leap up in front and deal the fatal thrust while yet his opponent's attention was diverted by We-suma's shouts of defiance at his back.

Indians are frequently accused of low-down tricks and a general lack of the so-called sporting instinct; but it must be remembered that the killing of a fellow-man is not a sport with them. It is a dirty business for which they have no liking, and the sooner they get through with it the better. There is no such thing as giving a man a sporting chance. Such a measure would be tantamount to self-annihilation. If an enemy has to be done away with, the task is carried out with a minimum of risk to the party planning the killing because his object is to exterminate and not just to juggle with death.

Sometimes it happens that two Indians will meet accidentally on a fair footing, and if they do, there is no flinching on either side. One of them will never fight again."

20: Dyott--180
116, 183, 273

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"....Let us consider the Jivaro's attitude towards drunkenness. In London, a man might feel ashamed of himself if he drank to excess. In New York, such a condition might engender feelings of envy rather than scorn. But amongst the forest Indians, nothing but virtue is ascribed to those who get drunk. Their theory is that if it makes a man happy to get drunk, then let him drink often because the spirits want their children to be happy and any means to that end is justifiable."

20: Dyott--181-182 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 132, 241

"At the first streak of dawn, Napi took his departure. There was no elaborate leave-taking. Conversation simply reached a crescendo, and after the climax, the final word, 'pumata' was spoken in subdued tones. With this brief farewell the visitor disappeared down the pathway and the jungle swallowed him up.

After breakfast, Johnston and myself joined the ladies on their daily excursion to the family banana patch, as there was not much chance of hunting when issues of life and death were at stake. Kuashu was the only man to accompany us, the others remaining at home engrossed in their warlike preparations.

It was a very dreary morning. Rain threatened any moment and the water-logged clouds dragged themselves wearily over the tree-tops. Within ten minutes after starting, we found ourselves on the edge of a substantial clearing, half of which was planted with yuca and banana, the remain- [182] ing portion being barren. It was not even ready for planting, as the trees had only recently been felled. Some of the clearing had received a preliminary burning off, but most of the wood was still green. Huge trunks lay prostrate on the ground, and as we clambered over them Johnston remarked that the word 'clearing' was very inappropriate for a place so littered with obstructions."

20: Dyott--182
116, 241, 462

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The felling of trees and other work connected with the making of clearings, falls on the shoulders of the men and is one of their most arduous duties. Wherever the forest growth is small and stunted, the ground is obviously of poor quality for agricultural use. On the other hand, wherever the soil is rich and deep, the trees are of great size and their removal is no easy business. The usual procedure is to cut down all the underbrush around the roots of the largest trees first, and when this has all dried out, to set fire to it. It is then easier to tackle the big fellows. The real giants are generally ringed about their base, so that they die and are more easily handled afterwards. A second burning gets rid of a lot more rubbish, but it will be some time before the ground is reasonably clear. Nothing is carted away. What won't burn is allowed to rot where it falls. So with the combined effort of time, fire and rough axes, the land eventually becomes suitable for cultivation. The circumference of many a tree is so great that it is beyond such primitive methods of handling. The trunk will therefore be cut off forty feet above the ground, or in many cases, left standing where it is, a gaunt skeleton of spreading branches."

20: Dyott--182-183 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 412

"We are very apt to regard our modern-day inventions with awe and wonderment, thinking that it is only within the last century that we have made any real progress, but just imagine what a step forward was made by savage man when he discovered how to make bronze or iron implements. There are still tribes in the upper Amazon who use stone axes. I have even seen them in the hands of the Jivaros [183] and to watch a man pounding away at a big tree with such a crude weapon, takes one's thoughts back a good many thousand years. Kuashu had an old iron axe with which he cut up a few logs while we were hunting for strange insects. It was not a heavy blade, but he handled it with skill, and before the morning was out he had reduced half a dozen trunks to firewood."

20: Dyott--183-184
116, 241, 262

(no date) 1926

Jivaro-1

"While we were rummaging about the clearing, the women were busy cutting down a solitary bunch of bananas. They made a lot of work out of so simple a task, just as Kuashu did over chopping up a few logs. A banana tree produces but a single bunch of fruit. When that has been cut, no further bunches appear, and the stem can be cut away. It is soon replaced by several other shoots or suckers that have sprung up about its base. In this way, the plant spreads, and from a single shoot stuck in the ground at the outset a small forest of banana stems will eventually sprout. What with rotting tree-trunks lying on the ground and the constant lopping-off of banana stalks as the fruit reaches maturity, an Indian plantation does not present a very orderly appearance. To add to the confusion, many trees get blown over by the wind, especially if laden with a heavy bunch of fruit.

Bananas are never left on the tree to get ripe. They mature better if cut green and hung up in a house. The sight of ripe plantains is unusual. There are so many hungry mouths waiting to be fed that everything is consumed as soon as it is picked, and it never gets a chance even to turn yellow. My preference was always for the ripe fruit. In the green state, I found plantains stodgy and tasteless, although I believe if you eat them long enough, you will always end up by eating them green. Probably the slight sweetness of the mature fruit palls on one after a time, but I never reached that stage myself. The banana or plantain of the Indian must not be confused with the [184] sweet fruit varieties we are accustomed to see on sale in our own country. The latter, if

cooked, would be too sickly for words; but the plantain, even when ripe, is very tasteless, and the process of cooking seems to bring out the flavour much as it does that of a sweet potato."

20: Dyott--184 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 581

"Amongst the women, Nambira was the leading spirit. She seemed more or less to direct operations, and incidentally thrust most of the work on Secouta, who was Mihanda's wife. That was quite natural, because Secouta was the stranger in Kuashu's household. Had Mihanda, for any reason, gone to his wife's house and settled amongst her people, then he would have been made to do the bulk of the work amongst the men of her family.

Nambira was as strong as an ox--that was her chief charm. Good looks count for little amongst the jungle folk, whereas sturdy build and ability to work are the greatest assets a woman can have. If you went hunting for a wife amongst the Jivaros and picked a young, nice-looking girl, you would be considered decidedly lacking in judgment. It would be just as if, in England, you married a woman on the strength of having seen her photograph. The original might turn out to be very different from the portrait. So with an Indian girl--she might develop into a useless woman. The young Jivaro can't afford to take such chances when he takes his first plunge. His number-one wife must be a sure bet, and generally the son profits by the extensive knowledge which his father has amassed on the subject of matrimony. It is only when a man is well on in years and needs young blood in the family, that he can run the risk of adding a girl wife to his ménage."

20: Dyott--184-185 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 241

"It was amusing to watch these Indian women at work. They talked like magpies, continually stopping to relate some story or other. When the bunch of bananas had been collected, they moved off to the yuca patch and proceeded to pull off a number of selected plants by the roots, having [185] first of all cut off the branches. The roots did not lie very deep in the soil and it was surprising to see how many of these carrot-like vegetables could be obtained from a single bush. Some individual specimens measured two feet long and eight inches in diameter, but the majority averaged ten inches by three. The yuca is one of the chief sources of food amongst the Indians. Yucas grow very much like potatoes and have to be eaten within a day or two, otherwise they go hard and won't cook properly.

When a sufficient quantity of roots had been collected by the women, they were put into wicker baskets ready to carry home. The area from which the roots had been dug was then smoothed over and stalks from the original plant stuck back again into the ground. Eight months later, each of these would again produce roots of sufficient size to harvest."

20: Dyott--185-186 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 562, 775

"Why do women dig yuca and the men fell trees? were questions Johnston asked me. He laboured under the common misapprehension that the women were slaves, and did the hardest work; but I had to explain otherwise. The Jivaros carry their sense of the personal, not only to animals, but also to trees and inanimate objects. In their eyes all things are animated by human spirits, male or female. The yuca has a female soul, hence it is proper for the women to cultivate it. Clay is feminine, therefore women must fashion the simple pottery which they use. Women must also handle the vessels when it comes to cooking. Most trees are men, hence men must chop them down. Cotton is of the male gender, so men must spin thread and make their own 'itipis' and also the 'tarachi,' or garments worn by the women. It is the sex distinction which is all important. Man and woman's work is as distinct as night from day, and the duties of one never overlap those of the other. There is not even a question of comparison between the two. A man is a man, and a woman a woman. That is their final argument."

20: Dyott--186
116, 593

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"The woman's influence in the home is much greater than is generally supposed. Both individually and collectively, women wield considerable power, and woe betide the man who deliberately abuses them, for he will let himself in for a world of trouble. In our homes, a single woman can make things pretty disagreeable if she wants to, but imagine what chance of peace an Indian might have with five or six women arrayed against him! In one part of the Amazon country, a wife, if neglected by her husband, sometimes resorts to rather a unique method of 'getting even.' She prepares a peculiar concoction which is served surreptitiously in her husband's food. It has the peculiar property of turning him into a drivelling imbecile. Custom permits her to marry another man if her husband becomes a lunatic, so she takes advantage of the opportunity, and her first husband trails along after the newly married pair like a dog, waiting on them hand and foot.

One seldom sees any outward sign of affection. There is neither kissing nor love-making, yet jealousy sometimes drives a woman to desperate deeds. It would be difficult to conceive anyone who was susceptible to the latter emotion entirely omitting the outward signs of love."

20: Dyott--186
116, 132

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"We were about ready to start back to the house when the rain suddenly descended upon us. Without word or warning it came tumbling down vertically out of the clouds, beating on the leaves of the trees and producing a terrible racket. Our friends immediately discarded their clothes, wrapped them up carefully so as not to get wet, and with big banana leaves over their heads, to act as umbrellas, beat a hasty retreat.

Radiantly beautiful as the jungle is when bathed in sunshine, it becomes the most dismal place conceivable when rain falls. The gloom which pervaded everything seemed to penetrate even into Kuashu's house and to be cooped up in its forlorn interior the entire afternoon was rather trying."

20: Dyott--187-188 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 726

"Our warrior friends made the best use of the remaining hours of daylight to fortify themselves for the fight they had planned. They stood facing each other with spears held aloft. Backwards and forwards they moved, one step at a time, raising and lowering the spears in a series of jerky movements, at the same moment shouting out various sentences calculated to disturb the evil spirits and inspire themselves with courage. This performance, known as an-ekma or aneema, was practised many times. It is a most important part of the ceremony which precedes battle. Another part of the ritual was to smear their faces, arms and neck with the juice of a fruit called 'sua' (Genipa americana). It stains the skin a deep blue-black colour, but its effects only appear about six hours after its application. With their skins thus blackened, the warriors are supposed to make themselves less visible to the enemy.

The dressing of their long hair was yet another occupation which took up considerable time. They arranged their locks in three pigtails, one wound about the head, the others on either side of the forehead. The latter were bound up with fibre like a couple of sticks. Other ornaments of importance which must receive attention are the ear-tubes, or 'arusa' which are made of straight pieces of cane passing through the lobe of the ear. They have a saying that when wearing these, they fear no danger. Supernatural properties are ascribed to the ear-tubes in the same way that necklaces of jaguars' teeth and bands of snakes' skins are supposed to endow the wearer with the ferocity and cunning

of the respective animals. It was certainly a long business making such elaborate preparations, but obviously no chances were being taken and no stone left unturned that would help them in their task.

An Indian may go into battle fearlessly, but at heart he has a horror of 'meeting with an accident,' and it is with the object of filling himself with strength, courage and con-
[188] fidence for the combat, that he drinks natema and indulges in all the fantastic preliminaries just related. Having duly taken all the precautions that custom considers necessary, he feels that he is fortified against any eventuality."

20: Dyott--188 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 727, 555

"The Jivaro, so Kuashu told us, preserves the head of his adversary in order that he may acquire strength and prosperity as the just reward of his efforts, and the greater the tenacity of life displayed by the vanquished, the greater the virtue which the victor reaps from his conquest. It is precisely the same with ourselves--the more ferocious the beast, the more daring the deed. The Jivaro tells with pride of the conflict, entering into all its gory details, and then produces the head as indisputable proof of his prowess. We, on our part, point to the head of a tiger, relate the story of the hunt and glory in the combat; our self-satisfaction being in proportion to the difficulties of the chase and the risks run. This is likewise true of the Indian. He never preserves the head of an Aguti, neither do we consider a rabbit's furry scalp worth bragging about."

20: Dyott--188 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116. 727

"For our entertainment, Kuashu displayed a basketful of trophies which he had collected at one time or another. Amongst them we noticed a couple of reduced heads, one of a sloth, the other that of a man. Our curiosity was aroused, and we asked many questions as to how he came by them and what object he had in preserving them.

I never see one of these grim tokens of war without wishing that the custom could be introduced into our own country, if only for a short time. I know so many people whose heads I should like to display in a shrivelled state in my hall. After all, we bring back tigers' heads from India, so why not human heads from Europe? There is really no difference, so far as I can see."

20: Dyott--189-190 (no date) 1926 Jivaro-1
116, 727

"The taking of a human head, or tzantza, as the Jivaros call it, is with them in the nature of a religious rite, and the ceremony following the victory is sometimes described as rather involved. Personally, I have never been able to get to the bottom of all these stories, for so many statements have appeared in print which do not tally with my personal observations. I am inclined to think that the various rites connected with custom differ considerably in different parts of the country, but one main feature seems to stand out, and that is an Indian's memory is of short duration, and the killing of an adversary might easily be forgotten or even doubted by others interested in the killing. The shrunken head, therefore, remains as tangible proof that the man is dead and out of harm's way, while a certain amount of kudos and spiritual benefit comes to the doer of the deed. I believe I am right in saying that it is only the heads of enemy tribesmen that are taken and shrunken into diminutive form.

My observations lead me to the conclusion that women's heads are never preserved. There would be no virtue in slaying a woman. The women never fight unless absolutely driven to it in defence of their home. Even then, the impulse is always to flee to the jungle, out of harm's way, or else to summon assistance from some neighbouring family. The idea that women's heads are shrunken has probably its origin in the fact that tzantzas have long hair like women, but it must be remembered that the Jivaro warrior lets his hair grow long, longer even than that of his women folk, for, like

Samson of old, he derives strength from so doing. To him, the hair is the seat of all vital [190] energy, and supernatural properties are ascribed to it. In the process of head-shrinking, the hair retains its original length and therefore, by comparison, looks longer than it did on the original man."

20: Dyott--190 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 142, 563

"Johnston commented on the fact that Kuashu had evidences of quite a strong growth of hair on his chin. I had told him that, surprising as it might be, none of these forest dwellers ever grow beards. He therefore wanted some explanation for the phenomena exhibited by Kuashu's face.

In the sixteenth century, when a few Spanish settlements flourished in what is now called the Ecuadorean Oriente, the Indians resented the slavery imposed upon them by the Spanish invaders, and finally united in a combined effort to rid themselves of their common foe, who seemed to be endangering their existence. A wholesale revolt against the whites ensued, and several villages were completely annihilated. This, as I have already stated, was the fate that befell Sevilla de Oro, and the Spanish women living there were taken prisoners and carried off into the forest wilderness, where they became the mothers of subsequent Jivaro children. This infusion of Spanish blood shows itself in the bearded faces which are occasionally met with in this area."

20: Dyott--190
116, 775, 826

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"So strong is the faith of the Jivaros, like that of many primitive races, in the supernatural properties of the hair of the head, that they make cinctures of that material; but hair on the face is regarded in quite a different light. It is a sure indication that you are related to the animals of the jungle. My flowing whiskers were not admired, and if the truth were known, speculations were rife as to what particular animal I was related to. The wholesale removal of hair from the human body is practised by the Indians, and with the exception of the scalp, its growth is never encouraged."

20: Dyott--190-191
116, 721

(no date) 1926

Jivaro

"In the afternoon, our two warriors left on their mission of death. They were both pretty well keyed up for [191] the occasion, and my companions felt thankful that we were not to be the object of their vengeance. Kuashu exhorted them to be brave, and with that both of them departed to take up their all-night vigil at the place agreed upon. It was considered a favourable omen that the rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and the evening sun shone blood-red over the tree-tops.

Shadows of night soon began to creep in upon us, the doors of the house were securely closed and our savage, yet kindly friends sought their hard sleeping racks like so many barnyard fowls, ascending to roost on a summer's evening. How strange it seemed to be in a place like this in the heart of nowhere, surrounded by such types of primitive humanity! The scene within this forest dwelling was eerie beyond description. Wooden posts stood blankly silhouetted against the uncertain fire-light. Slanting shadows slid obliquely over the earthen floor, and on the sleeping racks, bare legs and arms of slumbering Indians stuck out at crazy angles, suggestive of a cubist painting. Eternal peace had descended on the forest outside. The croak of a frog broke the stillness of the night air, and only the tropical moon, swimming in the deep blue canopy of heaven, spoke of the world I knew and assured me of the reality of the scenes before me."

20: Dyott--191-192 (no date) 1926 Jivaro
116, 727

"We were all astir the next morning at an early hour, and before the sun made its appearance the warriors came home. They shouted out their tidings of victory as they approached the house, and we were soon listening to all the details of the encounter. Everything had worked perfectly. The victim had walked into the trap, and Mihanda had finished him off with one spear-thrust. Not a trace of the combat remained behind. The body had been immediately cast into the swiftly flowing stream, where the chances of its being found were very remote. In this way one more [192] Indian 'met with an accident,' and the Jivaro sense of justice was satisfied. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' is their motto, and they adhere strictly to the principle. On no account are two men killed to avenge the death of one. The Jivaro is at any rate just in his dealings.

Kuashu embarked upon a long discourse as to the many benefits his son would derive from performing the sacred duty entrusted to him. 'Now that the spirit of your father's brother has been satisfied,' he said, 'your influence will become great amongst your fellow men. Your yuca will bear fruitful crops, your bananas will produce abundantly, and your family will increase and prosper.'

Secouta looked with pride at her husband, a happy smile illuminating her usually expressionless face. Mihanda seemed to pay little heed to his father's oration or his wife's looks of approval. He took a large bowl of nija-manchi that was handed him, drained it, spat on the floor, and then casually scraped the blood off the end of his spear.'